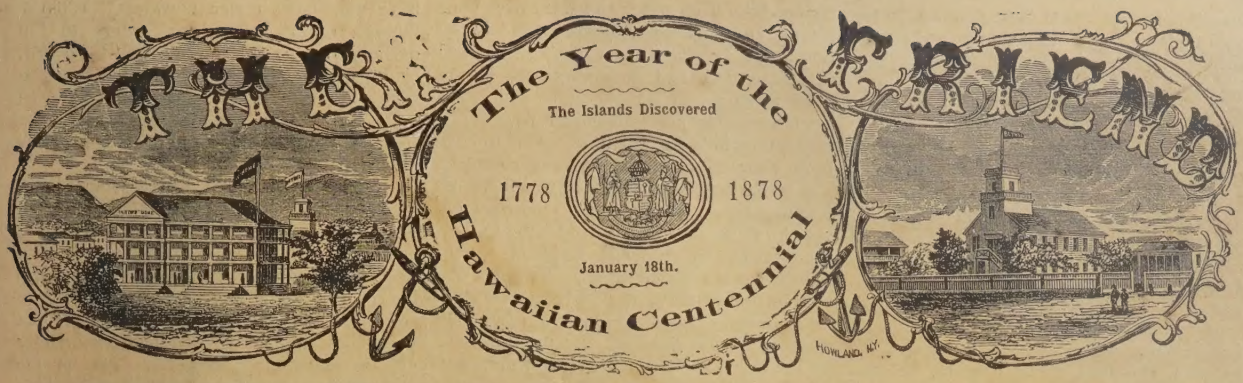


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# THE FRIEND.

NOVEMBER 1, 1878.


HALEAKALA VOMITING PULU.—Intelligence appears to have reached London, as we learn, from the "Supplement to the European Mail," one of the most reliable London papers, in commercial matters, that the grand old crater of Haleakala, on Maui, is now producing several thousand bales of pulu per annum. We would refer the editors of the European Mail to Miss Bird's book on the islands, page 92, where she speaks of *Pulu*,—"the silky covering of the fronds of one species of tree-fern."

"*Substitute for Horsehair.*—Intelligence from San Francisco states that the import of pulu, a product of Hawaii, during last year only reached 240 bales and bags. Since 1873, when the import reached 2873 bales and bags, there has been a continual decline, the reason assigned being that the article has been supplanted by a home-made article of imitation hair, made out of the native soap-root, and which is generally preferred to the island product. The Hawaiians now find a market for their pulu product in the Australian Colonies, where there is now, we believe, quite a large sale for the article, and at fair prices. Pulu is vomited at red heat from the volcano Haleakala, and chilled by the currents of air, falls in filaments, fine as spun glass and soft as feathers. It much resembles asbestos in character, and is extensively exported to the United States for furniture purposes."

☞ Papers and books received for distribution: From C. M. Cooke, Mrs. W. C. Parke, Mrs. C. B. Andrews, Dr. J. M. Whitney, and Mr. Atherton.

NEW BOOK.—On the counter of Whitney & Robertson will be found a new book, entitled, "Around the World in the Yacht *Sunbeam*," by Mrs. Brassey. The visit of this vessel in our waters is fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. The book has already passed into its second or third London edition, and has been republished in New York by Henry Holt & Co. Honolulu is not omitted among the many places where the *Sunbeam* shone, on its trip around the world. The style of the book is racy, familiar and eminently readable. Americans engaged in putting up fruits and vegetables for exportation, ought to feel themselves under special obligations for the following advertisement:

"American tinned fruits and vegetables beat English ones hollow." (See p. 222.)

P. S.—"We are requested," says the editor of the New York *Independent*, "by the publishers, Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., of this city, to announce that they have caused to be prepared a full index of Mrs. Brassey's late work, 'Round the World in the *Sunbeam*.' This will be sent gratuitously to anyone who has the book and would like to render it more complete by the addition of alphabetical tables of its varied contents."

OAHU COLLEGE.—We are glad to learn that the number of students this term is over eighty, larger than we recollect was ever connected with the institution at any previous period of its existence. President Jones and his associates appear to have entered upon their duties under most favorable auspices.

☞ We would acknowledge a box of Bibles from A. B. Society, N. Y., forwarded freight free, by owners of Hawaiian schooner *Eustace*, Williams, Blanchard & Co., agents. Also, we would acknowledge, (freight free,) three boxes of printing paper, per "Amy Turner," C. Brewer & Co., agents.

## RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 22

### A Few Weeks in Scandinavia—No. 1.

NORTHWARD.

There is an old Asiatic Proverb which runs thus, "He who would grow rich must go to the North," and I feel as if I had of late tested and proved its truth in a most pleasing and agreeable way. During the past few weeks I have been rambling Northward, into lands new to me, amid scenes which had hitherto been seen only through the eyes of my imagination and fancy—passing into a realm which I had scarcely thought, in other days, I should ever in reality enter. It has been an experience which is worth more to me than gold, the memories of which are the best of riches, for they cannot take to themselves wings, but will always remain a lasting and abiding treasure. So I say to you, the Eldorados of hope, beauty and inspiration do not always lie in the West, but sometimes may be found by following the guidance of one's Northern Star. I would fain share with you the treasure I have found here. And yet I feel my gold is still much in the rough, that I am, as it were, just beginning the work which for me will be rewarded more and more fully in coming years; but at least I can do this much, I can show you where the golden veins begin, and leave you to win your fortune at your leisure.

I wish I could convey to you something of the enthusiasm which this Scandinavian world has awakened in me. It is so new, so beautiful, so full of poetic and practical suggestions, that I feel it has been the opening up of a new world for study and thought. It is comparatively a new world; one which even in these days of travel and swift transit still retains a freshness and simplicity which is fast fading away from many portions of Europe. From a land of myths and sagas and wild mythology; of fierce warriors and dauntless heroes; a wilderness of solemn, gloomy forests; girt about with wild waves; grey with Northern mists; the home of sunless winters, and summers lighted by a never-fading glory; distant, remote, unreal, it has to me grown to be a land full of grand, actual, progressive life; the home of earnest, noble men and women, bright with thriving towns and cities, where quietness, peace and harmony reign. And with this

discovery of the actual there has fortunately been no lessening of the romantic and poetic. Still,

> "'Mid the ancient pine-tree forests
> Far in Northland, home of warriors,
> Linger yet old saga mem'ries—
> Treasures from the Asa days."

There are still here the same brave, earnest, powerful natures, the same manly courage and gentle, womanly tenderness, as of yore; the grand mountains still stand; the beauty of silver lakes in the embrace of ancient forests has not vanished from the landscape; the tumult of foamy waves is heard on the rocky coasts and in the no longer mysterious North the winter glooms and summer shines as in other ages. We have still the Past; we have more, the comfort of the Present and the hope and promise of the Future. Nothing has impressed me more strongly at the North than the *peace* which seemed to have folded its brooding wings over these countries. While so many parts of Europe feel already the shock of possible conflict and revolution, while so many rumors of unrest fill the air, here there seems to be truest repose, in which I most earnestly wish other lands at present so disturbed could share. I have met in all ranks and classes a kindness and cordiality which in this short time has made me, though a stranger, feel most at home.

But here, before turning to my note-book, let me give you a brief outline of my journey. I wrote you last in a very unceremonious way from Rugen. We came next to Stralsund, a most interesting old Hanseatic town, with interesting reminders of that famous League. Here we found the *Oscar*, for Malmo; took passage and were, the next day (noon), in Malmo, southern part of Sweden; dined there, making our first acquaintance with Swedish manners and customs. From Malmo we took the steamer across the Sound to Copenhagen. With Copenhagen I was most delighted. It is more interesting, in point of Art collections, than Stockholm, but it does not compare with it for beauty of situation. One day we took train for Elsinore, where is the old "Hamlet Castle." From Copenhagen we took steamer for Gothenburg, Sweden, being the whole of one beautiful day on the Sound. We reached Gothenburg, the second city of Sweden, at sunset; spent one night and a day here, and the next night took steamer for Stockholm. We shall spend one day in the University town of Upsala, and before the end of this week hope to be in Christiana Norway. From this point we shall find our way down to Hamburg, and perhaps Bremen, as they lie on our return route to Berlin, where we hope to arrive early in September.

In turning to my note-book, I find the following: "In company with a fellow-student I left Berlin, in the midst of the sultry heats of August, and traveled all the way Northward to Stettin in company with a grand thunderstorm. (By the way, this traveling as German students has its advantages. The sound of the English tongue has a marvellous effect upon all those who cater to the wants of the traveling public in Europe, from hotel proprietor down. With it, is supposed to go limitless supplies of gold, that he who uses it enjoys nothing better than throwing glittering largesses to the solemn rows of black-coated, white-tied waiters who keep watch and ward over your coming and going. Hence, "as discretion is the better part of valor," we decided it was wise to avail ourselves of the sturdy German tongue in foreign lands, which has a more sensible and economical ring. The incognito which we assumed seems to have been certainly in the start quite complete. For in the railway carriage in which we left Berlin we were taken by our fellow-passengers for Germans. I felt it was the highest compliment which could be paid to our knowledge of the language.) Towards the close of the journey, in which the late summer twilight faded away, we saw long wreaths of mist floating over the lowlands by the railway, showing that we were nearing some body of water. The evening lamps had been long lighted when we reached the quiet city of

STETTIN,

In Pomerania, an old commercial town, rambling in a pleasant, old-fashioned sort of a way along both banks of the Oder. For a long time it was under Swedish rule, but has now passed over to Prussia. Ships and steamers, of considerable size, line the long busy wharves. One or two interesting old churches and a gray and aged castle, give something of an antique appearance to the town. But on the whole, it does not compare, in point of interest, with many other of the north German towns. We were especially interested in our morning's ramble in watching the busy market people who had come to Stettin from different points on the river with fruits and vegetables. There is nothing especially picturesque in the costumes of the North German peasants, but now and then one notices something in the fold of a handkerchief over the head, a bit of color here or there which lends something of brightness to the groups of women. It is scarcely fair, however, to speak of peasant costumes. Most unfortunately the distinctive peasant dress, which formerly interested the traveler, in passing from country to country, is now seen in only a few regions of Europe. The people struck me as being an earnest, kindly, hard-working race, with sun-burnt faces and labor-worn hands. Though Stettin lies some distance inland, yet the coming of river-craft, the steamers, the long wharves, the knots of sailors, give it the appearance of a busy sea port. The finest thing to be seen in the town, is a statue of Peter the Great, by Schadow, in bronze, very striking and life-like.

Our course lay, by steamer, from Stettin to Swinzmunde, where the Oder empties itself into the Baltic. The steamer was filled with summer travelers going to different points on the Baltic, all very bright, cheery and animated. The day was gloriously beautiful, and the trip most delightful. The land lies low along the Oder, which, towards its mouth, widens till you feel almost as if you were on the open sea. Most picturesque were the sails of some of the boats which we passed. The *Baltic* gave us a most kindly welcome, smiling peacefully and joyfully at us as we sailed out of the Oder, as if it were a quiet lake and not the home of storms well known to northern sailors. But for its gracious, welcoming stillness, we will be grateful and try to forget all the goodly, stalwart fellows that have gone down under its waters. What a fine sea it is, stretching away there to the north, with here and there a well filled sail, or the pale cloud of smoke on the horizon from a passing steamer. We scarcely lose sight of the German mainland, before the southern point of the Island of Rugen rises into view.

I cannot wonder that artists come here, only I should think they would forget to paint, enjoying the fair world about them. It is a land of infinite *restfulness*, full of a wonderful peace in mid-summer, from the lap of the Baltic waves on the shore to the soft murmur of the forests of beech. It is a unique and interesting spot, both historically and in many other respects. The people still retain much of the simplicity of olden times. The population of the whole island is between forty and fifty thousand. It has passed through many and important conflicts, and heathenism made a long and vigorous stand against the advance of Christianity. There are several towns of considerable size, and many small villages. The soil is wonderfully fertile in some portions of the island, producing large crops of grain. Just after the sun had gone down in the unclouded west, our steamer stopped off the little town of Sassenitz, a favorite watering place. The shore was filled with summer guests, to whom the arrival of the steamer is the sensation of the day. This is a most charming little town, running up from the sea-shore to the trees and gardens on the cliff, with pleasant hotels, and odd winding ways, where you meet at every turn pleasant German faces. From here our route lay along the sea-shore and through great forests to Lohme, where I am writing to-night. What a delightful day it has been, from early morning till towards evening on foot, with a long rest at noon. The road wound now on the shore, and now up on to the cliffs. The great expanse of the blue sea, glittering in the glory of unclouded sunlight, stretched before us, or we caught glimpses of it through the clustering trees. Grand, white cliffs of chalk, dazzingly white, lifted themselves from the blue sea to the bluer sky. These were worn into curious shapes by the wind and water, and rose in fantastic towers and domes. Verdant grass and clinging shrubs crested their summits, the green and white contrasting most beautifully. Inland at times, our way lay through fragrant pines, or under the intertwining boughs of fine old beeches, with a yielding carpet of moss under our feet. Mid-way in our day's tramp were two fine out-looks from the cliffs, named in honor of the Emperor and Crown Princess of Germany, who visited here some years since, the "Wilhelm Licht" and "Victoria Licht." The Konigs-sthul is another eminence near by, from which a most extensive and magnificent view is obtained. In the now quiet waters laving its base, a sea-fight took place between the Prussian and Danish Marines, in 1864. Not far away from here, so runs the legend, some famous northern sea robbers buried their stolen treasure. We had no time, however, to look for it. Rugen has many reminders of the old days of heathenism. There is a lovely little lake set in the midst of a murmuring grove, called the Hertha See, which you must be sure and visit in

coming here. Hertha was the worshiped goddess of the olden time, and it is supposed by some that near this lake her dark and mystic rites were performed. Here are two stones, which the imaginative are pleased to designate as the sacrificial stones, whereon human victims were offered. A remarkable encircling mound, evidently constructed by human hands, still remains, which may have served as the temple of the goddess. It may be that the white clad priests, like the old Druids, led the awe-struck multitude to the shores of the lake, and through these forests, but if so, the lake and forests keep their secret well. Scarcely a ripple rises on the quiet waters while, sleeping in the noon-sunshine, girt about with a clustering growth of starry white water-lilies. And the forest murmurs softly to itself, but too softly for us to hear whether it is chanting the hymn of heathen days, or the psalm of a purer and better faith.

We are stopping for the night in a little fishing village, perched on the summit of the cliff, with an out-look far seaward. A few quiet people come here for the summer, and are kindly entertained by the honest fisher folk. We have a roomy, breezy little hotel, with a genial host, whose words always run on the surface of a generous laugh, so excessively kind and good-natured is he.

Arcona, August 12th.—We were both to come away from the little village of Lohme, but the way which lay before us was still fairer, so we said "Good-bye," and came to Arcona. Where we have stood to-day, looking landward and seaward, while the twilight gathered, and later as the moonlight silvered the waters, was the principal stronghold of the old heathenism in Rugen. Here within these huge mounds of earth, now grass-grown, was the temple of the heathen deity Swantewit (the holy victor.) The idol was of wood, having four faces, looking in different directions. Within the holy of holies the high priest was alone allowed to enter. Here in the temple stood also the sacred banner which was borne before the people in times of war, firing them to daring achievements. In autumn the great sacrifices were celebrated here, to witness which, came people from all parts of the land. To show to what extent the worship of this deity spread, it is only necessary to mention that at one time an embassy was sent from Bohemia requesting a copy of the idol. It was borne with pomp to Prague, where a temple was reared in its honor. It was not until the twelfth century that the power of heathenism was here broken, the inhabitants of the land making a long and successful stand against the inroads of the Danes, but being forced at last to yield. The whole region is rendered intensely interesting by these reminders of the olden time.

Stralsund, August 13th.—In order to catch the boat for Stralsund we had to rise bright and early this morning, and take a brisk walk of some miles across the country to a little village on the west coast. The heavy mists faded away before the early sun, and we had delightful weather. It was a most inspiring walk.

The sun stood in the brightening east. The reapers were already at work in the fields. Flocks of white geese came over the downs to meet us. We passed picturesque villages and farm houses, with thatched roofs, and red walls, looking out from amid the garden shrubs, in which the bees had scarcely as yet begun to hum. At one part of the way a beautiful grove of trees lay across our road, through which we passed, down a perfect Gothic aisle, escorted by a little barefooted peasant girl, to the fields beyond. Down by the sea we found still another village; and from the breezy pier the steamer came to take us, and away from the Island of Rugen, which I must say I left very, very regretfully. Some day, I trust, I may visit it again. We have visited perhaps the most beautiful, but not the most populous portions of the Island. There is Bergen, the capital, in the center of the Island, with 4,000 inhabitants, and there is Putbus still farther south, with its castle and park and beautiful surroundings. And well worth the visit, if one has the time, is that to Monchgut, almost entirely surrounded by the sea. Owing to the isolated nature of their situation, the people have retained very much of their original simple character. They are an earnest, industrious folk—the men devoting themselves principally to fishing, the women to weaving and spinning. They have striking costumes, the women being especially marked by their peculiarly high peasant caps. From our steamer we had a distant view of the little Island of Hiddensee, which lies near Rugen.

The entrance to the old Hanseatic town of Stralsund is exceedingly fine. The harbor is excellent, and from the water the old church spires and tower present a fine appearance. The city has had a most varied and eventful history, and even in these later days seems conscious of its former glory. At one time it held an important and proud place among the proud cities of the Hanseatic League, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries ruled so imperiously in the affairs of Northern Europe. Not so very far away from Stralsund lie Lubeck, Rostock, Hamburg, and other of those cities who shared in this confederation. In them all are still to be found lingering traces of the palmy days of their political history, though with time the old, elaborate buildings are fast passing away. Some points in Stralsund are especially worthy of a visit. There is the old Rathhaus, with its singular pointed facade, and Gothic arches, and long stone passage, and some of the churches are most interesting. The Marienkirche has a fine interior, lofty Gothic, finished in white. The view from the lofty tower, which overlooks the town, is very fine. Through little openings in the old walls you catch glimpses of it on your way up, till finally on reaching the highest portion of the spire, the whole fair and varied scene is spread out before you. At the base of the tower lies the town, with its high and pointed red roofs, and narrow streets, and stone-paved market place, where the people have dwindled to pigmies. About the city are the old fortifications. On one side, with a narrow channel separating it from the mainland, lies the Island of Rugen. The eye wanders off over a great stretch of country, green with woodlands, sown with crops of grain, varied by houses and villages, and highways. Just beyond the town is the spot, nestling among the trees, where the renowned General Wallenstein had his camp, in the year 1628, when he was so hotly besieging the city. He swore that he would take the city, even if it were bound with chains to heaven. But notwithstanding the fierceness of his zeal, the citizens, with the aid of the Swedes, so valiantly resisted him that he was forced to abandon the siege. They have always been a brave people. Here it was that in 1809 the bold Prussian Col. Schill fell fighting in the streets of Stralsund against the Dutch and the Danes. The spot where he fell is now marked by a stone with an inscription.

Hotel Victoria, Copenhagen, Denmark, August 14th.—Certainly a day of changes! With the break of day our steamer, the *Oscar*, steamed away from Germany, at noon we were in Sweden, and this evening I am writing in Denmark. When I went on deck this morning Germany had disappeared, and soon Sweden rose mistily into view far on the horizon. There is nothing especially striking about the approach to Southern Sweden, as the country lies flat and evenly along the shore. The steamer which we have taken goes to Malmo, Sweden, and from there the passengers to Denmark take another steamer across the Sound to Copenhagen. Malmo is a busy commercial town, the third in importance in Sweden, ranking after Stockholm and Gothenburg, with a population of 30,000. The town is regular and well-built, and along the wharves presents an especially busy appearance. As we shall pass through it again, I will not now speak especially of it. It was a pleasant sensation to be in Sweden, though we were at this time simply passing through it on our way to Denmark. It was difficult to realize for the moment that we were really among a new people. But the sound of a new language in our ears; the presence of strange-looking signs on the shops; newspapers from which we could gain but little information; a "bill of fare" at the hotel from which we must choose rather by faith than by understanding—soon set us right on this matter. We had been but a few moments on shore when we had a proof of Scandinavian politeness. We had come to a land where our German marks, groschens, etc., would be of but little service to us, hence our first object was to find a money-changer. We looked in vain, until we went into a shop we were passing and our interrogations brought out the fact that one of the young men spoke a little German. Would he be so kind as to tell us where we could find the place for which we were searching? Instead of that, the good-natured young Swede takes his hat and goes with us through the town to the right place, so that in a few moments we were ready with coin to face the dinner-bill at the good hotel Gustavus Adolphus. The coinage of Scandinavia is very convenient, within a few years the same system having been adopted for Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The coins in use are the "krone" and "ore." The krone is, I think, in value worth a little more than our twenty five cent piece, and this is divided into one hundred ore. At the hotel we noticed a custom which is peculiar to Scandinavia, and which

strikes a stranger oddly at first. In the hotels, and restaurants, and railway stations is a table spread with all manner of cold dishes, some of which are excellent; but a good many of them are to me unsolved mysteries. There are dishes of fish, served in all styles; shrimps, salads, cheeses, cold meats, bread, etc. Every gentleman, before he begins his dinner, goes to the table and helps himself to as much as he sees fit, taking therewith a small glass or more of brandy or Schnapps, which always stand ready. This is an "appetizer," just to give a relish to the coming dinner. I think the same custom prevails in Russia, though I think not in Norway. I have seen it at the tables in Denmark and Sweden.

Denmark veiled itself in rain-clouds as our steamer neared Copenhagen, though from no ill-will, I am sure, as I have since had occasion to know that Danish skies can be as blue as those in more southern climes. The passage across from Sweden is made in something like two hours—generally smooth sailing, with comfortable boats, which run often during the day. Again face to face with a new language and a new people, which have, however, much resemblance to the language and people we have left on the other side of the Sound. German and English will almost always put one through, and when these fail, one can readily resort to wild gesticulations, emphatic guttural sounds, smiles, tears, etc., and the few words of the language which one somehow unconsciously "absorbs" in coming into the atmosphere of a new place. There are Custom House ceremonies to be gone through with, but as we were just two young men traveling quite *sans ceremonie*, our luggage was a matter of secondary importance, so that we were passed quickly through. A quiet little hotel, with pleasant-faced host, has given us welcome, and to-night we shall sleep in peace, and soundly, too, I fancy, in the Danish capital. F. W. Damon.

Copenhagen, Aug. 14th, 1878.

☞In the September issue of The Friend we stated, upon the authority of an American exchange, that the mother of M. Waddington, the French delegate to the Berlin Congress, was an American lady, belonging to Boston. In a letter received by the last mail from the office of the New York *Observer*, "Irenæus" informs us that we were in error in making this statement, remarking: "His wife (not his mother) was Miss King (not of Boston), of New York, daughof Charles King, LL.D., President of Columbia College."

☞Sir H. D. Wolff is a member of the British Foreign Office. He goes to Roumelia. Being at Smyrna he wrote to a friend: "Send me a wife by the next mail." A sister of Lord Orford, seeing the letter, went out to Smyrna and married him.

☞Dr. S. Wells Williams estimates that 10,000,000 of the Chinese have perished in the famine.

## "Grace Before Meat."

In a most charming and instructive volume on "The Miracles of Jesus," by the Rev. A. A. Willits, D. D., a Presbyterian Pastor of Philadelphia, we have met with the following beautiful paragraphs in his comments upon Christ's "Feeding the Five Thousand:"

"It is the sweet spring-time—for the passover is at hand—the air is filled with the fragrance of flowers and blossoms, the fervor of the sun has passed, and the broad and gentle slope is covered with an abundance of fresh green grass, affording a fitting seat for those who are to partake of this remarkable feast in the wilderness. The marshaling and seating this vast multitude into such orderly groups consumes some little time, but the people readily and quietly consent, and soon the one hundred groups of fifty each, with the women and children on the outskirts, are seated upon the verdant plain.

"It must have been a beautiful sight. In the Greek of Mark's Gospel he speaks of their having '*reclined in parterres*,' as if the gay colors, the red, blue and yellow clothing, which the poorest Orientals wore, suggested to the imagination of the evangelist a multitude of *flower-beds* adorning a vast and beautiful lawn.

"Jesus stood while they were being seated, holding in his hands the five thin loaves made of barley meal, and the two small fishes, which the little lad had probably brought for his own simple supper.

"When all were seated and every eye fixed upon him, and silent wonder reigned supreme, Jesus, in the sweet and sacred stillness of that twilight hour, lifted up his eyes to heaven and *prayed*—blessed God for the bread. For our Lord never omitted the beautiful Jewish custom of "*grace*" before meat.

"And as we know the words of the 'grace' used by the Jews, we have without doubt the very words uttered by Jesus at this interesting moment: "*Blessed be thou, O Lord our God, the King of the world, who hast produced this food from the earth.*" This was the form. But it was not from custom, but from the heart, Jesus uttered these words. His spirit rose in gratitude to the infinite Father; and he assumed this devout attitude and used these fitting words, to impress the minds of that vast multitude, and to lead their hearts to God as the source of all good. The Jews did not bless their food, but the God who gave it, and this is evidently what is meant by the phrase, "He blessed and brake." They did not cut their bread, but baked it in loaves of a cake-like thinness convenient for breaking.

"Having blessed God for the bread, Jesus took the loaves and the fishes, and breaking them into portions passed these to the twelve, and directed them to distribute to the companies.

"And then began that mysterious and wonderful feast.

"Whether the food grew in the hands of Jesus as he brake and gave to the disciples, or in the hands of the disciples as they gave to the head man of each of these groups, or in the hands of each one of the company as he divided with the companion next to him, we cannot say, for it is not in the record. But one thing is made clear, and that is that all partook of the feast; all ate until they were satisfied, and there was not only enough for all, but more than could be used; and seeing portions unused, Jesus, to teach a lesson of carefulness and to set for ever at rest any doubts as to the reality of the miracle, bade his disciples borrow from the people each a basket—a common accompaniment of the Jewish pilgrim, holding about a peck—and 'gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.'"

☞We would acknowledge pamphlets, papers and books as follows: Terennial Catalogue, of Amherst College; papers from W. C. Bruce, Auckland, New Zealand; "The Miracles of Jesus," a beautiful volume, by Rev. A. A. Willets, D. D., from Chaplain Rose, U. S. N.; "Somebody Else," by G. P. Lathrop, from Mrs. Van Denburgh, San Francisco; two volumes of "Hours with Men and Books," and "Getting on in the World," by Prof. W. Matthews, from Mr. H. A. Pierce; three numbers of Spurgeon's "Sword and Trowel," from Mrs. Taylor, London.

☞An American boy—Edward Crane, of New Jersey—carries off the first prize for excellence in French in the French College of Avrauches, in Normandy. They have a custom there of crowning such honor men with a laurel wreath and kissing him on the forehead on commencement day. Young Crane is said to have reflected credit on his country in the way he stood the ordeal.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Gladstone on American Finances.—In his recent article upon England and America, Mr. Gladstone declares that, "Although the annual income of Great Britain in round numbers is £1,000,000,000, America is passing by us at a canter, and in 1880 will be the wealthiest of all the nations, although the development of her resources and the opening of her territory is as yet in its infancy."

American Genius for Invention.—The London *Times* gives three columns of description and two columns of editorial characterization of the American mechanical display at Paris. It declares that "The activity and insight of the American inventive genius develops more that is new and practical in mechanism than all Europe combined."

The Bible in Turkish Language.—A complete translation of the Bible has just been completed, by the American Missionaries, in the Turkish language. The work has been principally performed by the Rev. Elias Riggs, forty-five years a laborer in Turkey. He preaches in six different languages, and can read fourteen.

☞ The *Zealandia* took a mail for the United States containing 3,600 letters.

☞ S. Broden, of Indianapolis, the only American boy ever entered in a British naval school, on the cadet ship Worcester, has passed his examination, and been awarded the highest honor given. It was awarded by vote of his brother cadets. He is thus made a midshipman in the British navy.

### Information Wanted.

Mrs. D. H. Simmonds, of Alta city, Washington Territory, U. S. A., writes to the United States Consul, asking information of her brother, John Clingensmith, who was landed from on board of a ship on one of these Islands, with two other men, about 1860.

Respecting Ebenezer Easter Hill, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y. He sailed from New Bedford as a passenger on board a whale-ship, for Sandwich Islands, about the year 1852. He was at that time between 35 and 38 years of age. Any information will be gladly received by the American Minister Resident, or by the Editor.

To Whom it May Concern.—There now resides in Yokohama Mrs. M. I. Gibbs, formerly Mrs. J. Vaughn, of Honolulu. Any parties wishing for information will apply to Hawaiian Consul, L. P. Lilybridge, Esq., of Yokohama.

### MARRIED.

McWayne—Robinson.—In Honolulu, Oct 9th, at the residence of the bride's mother, in Nuuanu Valley, by the Rev S C Damon, Albert McWayne, Esq., to Miss Lucy H. Robinson, both of Honolulu.

Koelling—Luehwing.—In Honolulu, Oct 10th, at the residence of J C Glade, Esq, by the Rev S C Damon, Charles Koelling, Esq., of Hanalei, Kauai, to Miss Leonora Luehwing, of Honolulu.

Buckley—Bolster.—In this city on the 16th October, by the Rev. S. C. Damon, Mr. Peter Buckley to Martha, eldest daughter of Mr. A. S. Bolster, all of Honolulu.

Griffin—Stafford—In this city, October 27th, by Rev. S. C. Damon, Mr. Daniel B. Griffin to Eliza J. Stafford, of Eauclaire, Wisconsin.—Eauclaire papers please copy.

Robinson—Hunt—In Sodus, New York, by the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt (formerly Missionary on the Sand Islands and subsequently Pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco), Denton S. Robinson, Esq., a lawyer of Nunda, New York, to Miss Emily C. Hunt, daughter of the officiating clergyman.—[Wayne County Alliance, Sodus, N. Y.

### DIED.

By the arrival of the P. M. S. S. City of New York we received the sad intelligence of the death of her chief steward, Mr. James R. Hall, at Sydney, on the 2d Sept. The deceased was a native of Barbadoes, W. I., and for a number of years in the service of the P. M. S. S. Company. He was appointed to the City of New York on her first voyage to the Colonies, and succeeded, up to the time of his death, through perseverance in the fulfillment of his duties, in gaining the satisfaction of his employers, as also that of the traveling public. The funeral took place on the following day, and was attended by a large and respectable concourse of friends. Directly behind the hearse followed as chief mourners Captain Wm. B. Cobb and officers. Among the pall-bearers was Purser S. A. Beardsley, all uniting to render a just homage to the departed. Being a member of "Lodge of Australia," he was interred with Masonic honors, the members of the sister lodge St. Andrew, in response to an invitation from their R. W. M., attending in regalia, taking a prominent part. He leaves a disconsolate wife and three children to mourn the irreparable loss of a fond husband and loving father.

Weight.—At Ahuimanu, Koolaupoko, Oahu, William Weight, aged 49 years. Deceased was for many years a resident of this city. He leaves a wife and family to mourn his loss. The remains was brought to Honolulu, and the funeral took place from the residence of his Son-in-law, H. Schmidt, Esq.

Freeman—In Santa Monica, Cal., September 7, 1878, Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman, wife of Mr. John Freeman, formerly of this city, aged 67 years.

Coleman—In this city, on Friday, Oct 18th, Charles Alfred Castle Coleman, only child of C. C. and H. A. Coleman, aged 11 months and 16 days.

Gill—The Rev. William Gill, formerly missionary at Rorotonga, South Pacific, and for nearly twelve years minister of Rectory, Place Chapel, Woolwich, on the 4th of August, at Camden House, Lee Glebe, Blackheath, aged sixty-five years.—*Illustrated London News.*

The first instance on record where a Chinese man has given a collection of books to an American institution, has just occurred in New Haven, where Yung Wing, a graduate of Yale College, has given to the college library a valuable collection of Chinese books, numbering about 1300 volumes, embracing classical, historical, and poetical works, encyclopedias, etc.

# MARINE JOURNAL.

## PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

### ARRIVALS.

Sept. 28—Haw schr Mana, English, 14 dys frm Fanning's Ild
29—Ger bk Priscilla, 120 days from Madeira.
29—Am schr Eustace, 21 days from San Francisco.
29—Am 3-mast schr Compeer, from Port Gamble.
30—P M S City of New York, Cobb, from Sydney.
Oct. 2—French bk Jean Pierre, 58 days from Hongkong.
2—Am bk Emma E Beal, Bailey, 21 dys from S Fran.
3—Am schr Loleta, Dexter, from Arctic.
4—Am bk California, from Burrard's Inlet via Hilo.
4—Am wh schr C M Ward, Whitney, from Arctic.
7—Am bktne Grace Robert, Ohleson, 18 days from San Francisco.
8—P M S S Australia, Cargill, 7 days and 8 hours from San Francisco.
11—Brit sh Pegasus, Hull, 102 days from Bombay, en route for Panning's Island to load guano.
12—Am bk D C Murray, Frost, 15 dys fm San Fran'co.
13—Tahitian schr Vivid, Sweet, 9 dys fm Fanning's Is.
15—Am schr Joseph Wooley, Comstock, from Guano Is.
16—Am Bktne Eureka, Nordberg, 17 days frm Humboldt.
20—Am bk Henry Buck, Sormon, 28 days from Burrard's Inlet.
25—Haw schr Nettie Merrill, Hatfield, 15 days fm S. F.

### DEPARTURES.

Sept. 29—Peruvian sh E Dovale, for Callao.
Oct. 1—P M S City of New York, Cobb, for San Francisco.
8—P M S S Australia, Cargill, for Sydney.
8—Haw bk Kalakaua, Jenks, for San Francisco.
8—Haw bk Mattie Macley, Pope, for Portland.
8—Am schr Compeer, Berkholm, for Port Townsend.
9—Am bk Garibaldi, Forbes, for Potland.
9—Am bk Amy Turner, Newell, for Hongkong.
11—Bark Jean Pierre, Legasse, for Victoria, B C.
12—French bk Pierre, Legarse, for Portland.
14—Brt ship Pegasus, Powell, for Fanning's Is.
14—Am bk California, Foster, Victoria, B C.
19—Am schr Eustace, Matthien, for San Francisco.
19—Am bktne Grace Roberts, Ohlsen, for Port Townsend.
22—Tahitian schr Vivid, Sweet, for Fanning's Island.
24—Am bktne Eureka, Nordberg, for Port Townsend.

### MEMORANDA.

Report of Whaling and Trading Schr C M Ward.—Left Honolulu April 2d for the Arctic Ocean, and had good weather to Fox Islands. Went through Segaum Straits April 27th, and made the Ice May 2d, lat 37° N long 179° W; found plenty of ice in Behring Sea. June 3d got through the ice to Cape Naverene; saw plenty of whales, and captured one; missed one. June 10th anchored in Plover Bay and saw plenty of whales working towards the Arctic, but could not get one. June 15th were off East Cape. July 14th went in between the ice and land at Cape Lisborn; passed Icy Cape July 22d. On the 25th saw the steam tug commanded by Capt Williams coming from the southward. Aug 1st were off Point Belcher and saw eleven ships coming from south. Aug 7th were off Refuge Inlet; on the 8th anchored off Point Barrow, and layed in there 20 days; saw no whales. The fleet went as far as 25 miles east of Return Reef, and saw nothing there; had seen but three whales up to Aug 28th. The brig W H Allen and bk Florence were stove by ice between Refuge Inlet and Point Barrow, and were sunk total wrecks. Left 15 vessels at anchor at Point Barrow and 4 off Cape Smith under way, the 15 could not get any to the South at that time; I come out from Point Barrow between the land and ice in 12 feet of water; saw ice again making from half way between Cape Terdze and Point Hope to the South, head of St Lawrence Bay, across Behring Straits; worked through the ice to Plover Bay, and spoke the schooner, left Plover Bay, Sept 8th for Honolulu; come through 172 Passage Sept 17th, and made north end of Oahu Oct 4th, after a pleasant passage down.

Benj Whitney.

Report of Schr Loleta, Captain Dexter, from the Arctic—Sailed from Honolulu March 16th, and steered to the westward to long. 177.00 east; then took westerly and northwesterly winds, which lasted through 72d Passage. Passed through April 26th. On the 29th made the ice in lat. 57.50 north, 177.30 west long. Found plenty of ice. From thence worked to the eastward to St Paul's Island; then to the north. On May 26th arrived at Plover Bay. Shore all clear of ice. Found the natives very poor, having caught no whales or walrus. Had to give them quantities of bread, as they were in a starving condition. On June 2d was at St Lawrence Bay. Bay full of ice. Natives boarded us on the ice; found the natives here also very poor. June 12th saw quite a good show of whales; struck three; lost two by the ice; saved one, which made 90 barrels of oil. Worked north as fast as the ice would permit; found the natives all along the coast very poor and destitute. July 4th started walrusing; found them very scarce; took 200, making us 225 barrels of oil. July 20th, Francis Fuller, second officer, died with kidney complaint; buried his remains at St Lawrence Bay. August 9th was at Cape Smith in company with the most of the fleet; all working north as fast as the ice cleared away. On August 2d brig W H Allen was stove and sunk by the ice, near Point Barrow; crew all saved; Captain Gilley on board the Onward. August 10th bark Florence was stove and sunk by the ice, near Point Barrow; crew all saved. Up to August 22d but one whale had been seen; bark Mercury struck and lost one. There was plenty of open water to the east of Point Barrow, and ships had been as far as Camden Bay and Return Reef, but finding no whales, had returned to the Point. The following is a report of the fleet, as far as I could find out, up to August 22d: Coral, 3 whales, 500 walrus; Progress, 3 whales, 600 walrus; Rainbow, 8 whales, 200 walrus; Thomas Pope, 850 walrus; Pacific, 2 whales, 700 walrus; Hunter, 3 whales, 800 walrus; Mount Wallston, clean—had saved most of the oil from the Cleone and shipped it by the Syren; Helen Mar, 2 whales, 400 walrus; Eliza, 1 whale, 600 walrus; John Howland, 1 whale, 700 walrus; Northern Light, 900 walrus; Mercury, 1 whale, 1000 walrus; Dawn, 1 whale, 700 walrus; Sea Breeze, 3 whales, 800 walrus; Norman, 600 walrus; Abram Barker, just arrived, clean; brig Onward, 300 walrus. Came out through Bhering Straits 25th August; have had southerly winds most of the way down; took the trades in lat. 32° north. September 7th spoke schooner Bella, from Onolaska, bound to St. Paul's. September 17th signalled a large English bark standing to the east, in lat. 48.55 north, long. 157.11 west. Bark Legal Tender left Marcus Bay, August 27th, for San Francisco in ballast; no cargo; had been to Point Barrow. From lat. 32° to port have had moderate trades and fine weather.

### PASSENGERS.

From Fanning's Island—Per Mana, Sept 28—W Greig.

For San Francisco—Per City of New York, Sept 30—T H Davies and son, P Stack, Mrs J H Wilber, 2 children and servant, Miss S Munson, J Lyons, T Harris, T R Mellis, Miss A Fuller, Mrs S A Thompson, Mrs E P Adams, 3 children and nurse, Miss Lucy Adams, G W Spaulding, A Maillard, G Fitzgerald, G H Barber, T H Jones, T B Lougee, F Hander, T F Flynn, Dan Gallagher, Dr Scott and wife, Peter Gough, J Jones, H Johnson, J W Pfluger, A Janssen, M Dehitz, and 5 Chinese.

From Funchal—Per Priscilla, Sept 30—M Rodrigues, wife and son, A Dias and wife, T Alfonso, wife and son, A de Lonza, wife and son, F Rodrigues, wife and 5 children and servant, M Fernandez and wife, A d'Andrade, wife and four children, L d'Andrade, wife and three children, T Freitas, wife and three children, T de L Pereita, wife and son, R A Nunes, wife and infant, M Fernandez, wife and five children, A F de Faria, wife and three children, P A Nunes, wife and five children, F Ferera, wife and son, A C Fernandez and son, A A Lucas, wife, sister and son, P da Camara, A T da Cruz, wife and son, T da S Netto, T da S Papetua, A de Freitas, M Rodrigues, L d'Oliveira, A R Pimenta, F Gomez, J da Camara, J Pereira, L J Pereira, F Feneira, J Gomez, M Pereira, F da Camara, J Figuerzo, J R de Monte, J Rodrigues, J Nunes, C Rebella, J F Castroe, A da Costa, V d'Andrade, J Joaquim, J Rodrigues, J E Troes and wife, J Gomez, S Correa, L M Gonzaga, M Gonna, F da Camara, A A da Silva, M los Possos, M M Neves, J M Ferreira, Ernest Hutchison, J M de Freitas and wife, A de Nobrega, S H de Sonza, M de Sonza Perry, A Pereira, A Fernandez, A Pereira, M d'Andrade, F L Miner.

From Australia—Per City of New York, Sept 30—Miss M J Hines, John O'Connor, Wm Wyatt, J P Johnston, and 39 in transitu for San Francisco.

From San Francisco—Per Eustace, Sept 30—J Garrand.

From Hong Kong—Per Jean Pierre, Oct 2—20 Chinese laborers.

From San Francisco—Per Grace Roberts, Oct 7—L D Hixon, P Buckley, A Wallace, Geo W Page, Jos Carion, R Tailor, Mrs White & 2 children, J H Watts and 21 Chinese.

From San Francisco—Per Australia, Oct 7—Mrs Thos G Thrum & child, Master Geary, A W Bush, Jos Hyman, M Lohse, Mrs Terry, S B Dole, Miss Terry, W A Vernon & wife, C Brown, L G Nesmith, M Martin, Geo Lucas, C Lucas, R Cotton & wife, Z S Spalding, wife 3 children, J W Paul, Eliza Kenny, Delia Kenny, G de Witt Fuller, F W Danez, Jas Dolan, H Baper, H Frausen, Thos Sherret, T Chrestley, H Brodreck, T Stuart, Jas Kearns, James F Gooman, L A Luelty, G S Cargill, P Tully, J J O'Mahley, W Braidwood, Mrs McKenzie and 94 Chinese.

For Australia—Per Australia, Oct 8th—Miss M Woods, John Chapman, H Robinson, T Pooley, T R Park and F J Percival.

For Port Townsend—Per Compeer, Oct 8—Captain F Hall.

For San Francisco—Per Kalakaua, Oct 8—J W Christopher and J O'Connor.

For Portland—Per Mattie Macleay, Oct 8—Harry Von Holt, J T Johnson and C W Trentlege.

For Hongkong—Per Amy Turner, Oct 9—A Oliver and 39 Chinese.

From San Francisco—Per D C Murray, Oct 12—J W Wiley, R M Overend, Henry Harland, Wm Hamilton, Mary E Abbott, Mrs Smith, Mrs Dillingham and two children, Wm Butler, Wm Phillips, and 22 Chinese.

From Howland's Island—Per Joseph Woolley, Oct 15—Capt Jos R Spencer, wife and three children, E Wheeler, Chas Hines, John MacWiggins, Gabriel Holmes, and 34 native laborers.

From Humboldt Bay—Per Eureka, Oct 16—M Steffenson.

For Port Townsend—Per Grace Roberts, Oct 19—J H Watts.

For San Francisco—Per Eustace, Oct 19—Captain Sands and wife, C Eatenhauer.

For Fanning's Island—Per Vivid, Oct 21—J T Arundel.

## Yellow Fever.

BY NATHAN ALLEN, M. D., LOWELL, MASS.

The origin of this fever is traced to the West Indies, and it breaks out at times violently in the southern parts of the United States. As this disease is now prevailing in a most malignant form at the South, it is well to have some definite knowledge of its nature and character.

The name of the fever is derived from the fact that the disease changes very quickly the skin to a sallow or yellowish color. No other disease produces such sudden and powerful changes in the human body, showing that it is a most virulent poison. Formerly different opinions prevailed as to the nature and origin of this poison; but the general verdict now of the best judges, is that the disease is caused by a *specific living miasm* or *germ*, which is capable, under certain conditions, of rapid self-multiplication, and spreads in every direction. It is not a contageous disease, like measles or scarlet fever, and cannot be communicated by the breath or emanations from the body living or dead. These "germs," or the seeds of the disease, are "exotic"—are imported—and may lie in a dormant state for months or years, in walls, in floors, in furniture, in clothing, or in the ground; but, under certain conditions, may generate the most fatal poison.

These conditions are a high temperature, moist atmosphere, filth, decaying vegetables and animal matter, and in localities where there is great want of drainage and sewerage. The disease breaks out generally in sea-ports connected with shipping, or in cities and villages along the water courses; but seldom prevails in rural districts or the country, and never upon high ground nor in a cold climate. It starts sometimes in June and July, and begins to decline by the middle of September or first of October, on the approach of frosts and cool weather.

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A Pleasant Romance.—The Republican is responsible for the following story, which the knowing ones say refers to Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Fowle (formerly Carrie Farnsworth,) who sailed for Turkey last week:

"A graduate of Amherst College and Andover Theological Seminary, having devoted himself to the missionary work and been assigned to a mission on India's coral strand, was looking around for a congenial companion, for the American Board don't like to send single young men to heathen lands, when he met the daughter of a Turkish missionary, and the two fell in love almost at first sight. In a week they were engaged, now they are married, and such has been the gentle maiden's influence that what is Southern India's loss will be Central Turkey's gain."—*Boston Congregationalist.*

Japan.—We rejoice, from so many sources, to learn of the progress of civilization, education and Christianity in Japan. We copy the following from a private letter received by a late mail from Mrs. Hepburn, wife of Dr. Hepburn, who has been laboring so successfully for many years at Yokohama, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Missions: "He (Dr. H.) hopes his health may be spared to finish the New Testament translation. Another eighteen months will suffice for that. Christianity is taking deep root in Japan. Had I time, I could tell you many facts to show that the Christian church has great encouragement to press forward in the work she has begun, of giving the gospel to this people. In our Mission alone (Am. Pres.) we have eight organized churches. I do not remember the number of members, but about 500, connected with these. Our Sabbath-school and Bible Classes are doing a good work. The Theological School has twenty-six or twenty-seven young men in it. Perhaps you know the Scotch and American Presbyterians and the Dutch Reformed formed a Union Presbytery, about a year ago. This school is under the care of this United Presbytery. Great and marvellous have been the changes in this land since we came here, nineteen years ago. We often exclaim, 'Lo, what hath God wrought.' How has one barrier after another, which seemed to human view insurmountable, been removed." Our correspondent adds, "We had the pleasure of having Miss Bird as our guest when she first arrived in Japan." Subsequently Miss Bird left for a tour through the Island of Yesso, and expected to visit the Ainos. About the middle of September she was expected to return, and would travel through the southern part of Japan. For a sketch of the Ainos, see the Friend for November, 1871.

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Prohibition in Maine.—The Portland *Advertiser* prints the following important testimony concerning the working of the prohibatory liquor law in that State:

"Count Guipenberg, during a recent visit of Attorney General Emery to the *Cimbria* (the Russian ship in Southwest Harbor, Maine), said:

"'We are very much pleased indeed with the workings of your Maine law. We never saw or heard of anything so wonderful. Why, we send our men on shore with the utmost freedom, and they are orderly and well-behaved; they make friends with the natives and come back to us at night all right. We are glad to have them go on shore, for the exercises and recreation they obtain there are very much to their advantage. Now, if liquor were sold we should be obliged to keep them on board all the time, otherwise they would become intoxicated, get into trouble among themselves and with the inhabitants, destroy property, insult your people, and make them all their enemies. Oh! I assure you we are very much pleased with your Maine law."

Author of "Peep of Day."—We have intelligence from England of the death of Mrs. Favell Lee Mortimer, author of "The Peep of Day" series of books for children, which have had an immense circulation, and which are unrivalled in simplicity and interest for youthful minds. The following is a list of her works: "Peep of Day;" "Line upon Line;" "Precept upon Precept;" "Light in the Dwelling;" "Near Home; or, the Countries of Europe Described;" "Far Off; or, Asia and Australia Described;" "The English Mother;" "The Night of Toil;" "Here a Little and There a Little," and "Reading Without Tears." Of the first of these volumes it was announced, some years ago, that over 400,000 copies of it had been sold, and of all more than 1,250,000 copies. An English paper, in announcing her death, says: "She had, perhaps, more juvenile readers than any other contemporary author." She was the widow of Rev. Thomas Mortimer, and sister of the eminent London banker, Mr. R. C. Bevan. She died at Runton, near Cromer, aged seventy-six years.—*New York Observer, Sept.* 12.

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Missionaries for China and Japan.—Twenty-five Missionaries, including wives, left this city on the steamer *City of Peking*, last Tuesday, for Japan, China and Siam. Four denominations—Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist—we understand to have been represented in the company; and the two countries of America and Scotland. One of the number—Rev. Dr. Davis, lately pastor of the Congregational Church in Granby, Mass.—preached at Plymouth Avenue Church last Sunday morning; and another—Dr. Gordon, at the First Church, Oakland. On Monday evening a farewell meeting was held at Calvary Church, in this city, at which Dr. Scott presided, and Messrs. Gordon, Wilson of the Laos Mission in Siam, and Duffus from Scotland, on his way to Swatow, China, made addresses."—*Pacific, Oct.* 3*d.*

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☞It is a noteworthy fact that the Rev. Dr. Legge, a venerable Missionary of the London Missionary Society, should have been appointed Professor of Chinese in Cambridge University, England, and Dr. S. W. Williams, LL.D., should have received a similar appointment at Yale College, New Haven. These distinguished Chinese scholars are of the highest authority in all matters relating to China—its history and literature. Both the British and American Governments are more indebted to these two gentlemen for aid in translations of public documents than to any other men who have gone from England and America to China.

## Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 10 A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kaumakapili. District meetings in various chapels at 3.30 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10½ A. M. Sabbath school at 9½ A. M. Evening services at 7½ o'clock, alternating with Kawaiahao. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy, Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.


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*Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:*
*To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.*

## Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

### Heavenly City.

BY REV. ELI CORWIN, D. D.

O city of the pearly gates
And of the streets of gold;
Whose very walls are precious stones
Of weight and worth untold:
When may the poorest sinner share
Those riches manifold?

O righteous city of the sun,
Where yet no sun doth shine;
Irradient with the glory beams;
A luster all divine:
When shall these waiting eyes behold
That living light of thine?

O tearless realms, where sorrows cease,
Nor pains nor partings come:
Where fiercest storms are hushed to peace;
All angry voices dumb:
When shall these weary feet find rest,
In that eternal home?

O sinless city of the pure:
Where nothing can abide
That taints or tarnishes the soul;
Nor aught of evil hide:
When shall I reach my blest abode
Among the sanctified?

☞At the last meeting of the Honolulu Y. M. C. A., it was decided to assist Sit Moon in returning to this country and to his labors here for his countrymen. Also to begin anew the prayer meeting for young people. It is held now every Sunday evening in the Lecture-room of Fort-street Church at a quarter before 7, continuing till just before the beginning of the regular evening service.

☞The recent International Y. M. C. A. Conference, held at Geneva, Switzerland, was the eighth triennial gathering of this noble organization. There were present in all about two hundred and fifty delegates, representing eleven different nations. Of the two thousand Associations, about one-half are in this country. Nowhere else has this aggressive and progressive enterprise been so notable. Mr. George Williams, a wealthy, benevolent business man of London, is regarded as the originator of this particular form of associated Christian effort. Mr. Williams was present at the Geneva Conference. The papers read, written in German, French and English, were each previously translated into the other languages and printed for distribution among the delegates. A Central International Committee was appointed to prepare the programme of topics and exercises for the next meeting, which will be held in London. This Committee consists of Mr. Ferman of Geneva, W. Edwyn Shipton of London, Sue Dorian of Paris; Christian Klug of Elberfeld, Germany; Francisco Albricias of Montserrat, Spain; and Richard C. Morse of New York. It is stated that the subject of Bible-readings elicited special attention and very animated discussion. The interest of the delegates generally in the more thorough study of the Word of God, and the more prominent instrumental use of it in realizing the aims of the Associations, appears to have amounted to an enthusiasm. Providentially considered, the occasion for the formation of Young Men's Christian Associations was due to the fact that the churches were neglecting and ignoring *their* work. Whether or not the churches could do the work as well, they are not doing the work which it falls specially to the Associations to undertake. With perhaps some faults of manner and methods, it is a grand place which they fill in the current agencies for popular evangelization. Mr. K. A. Burnell, whose interesting letters "round the world," have been appearing in this paper, was present.—*Advance.*

☞The following is a different view from that taken by the correspondent of the *Advertiser:*

"The 'Secularization of Schools' is a popular phrase just now. We do not believe in it. The action under this rule which claims to be liberal, broad, ecumenical, is essentially heathen. It means, if it means anything, that religion has no place in our more elementary schools. The question was before the people of New Haven again last Monday. The endeavor was to elect officers who will restore the reading of Scripture (or some religious exercises) which was abolished last year. There may be practical difficulties, but they can all be adjusted on the principle that education should be based upon the threefold nature of the child—physical, mental and moral. Anything less than this is one-sided and erroneous. It may go on without any disastrous results for a certain period where most of the children belong to church-going families, but it is radically wrong. Better by far adopt the practice at Springfield, Mass., where the reading of the Bible is continned, but the Catholics use the Duoay edition. The moral and spiritual nature of the child should be distinctly recognized by the school authorities and the teacher. Yield one iota to the secularization theory, and you must logically, and soon practically, eliminate every allusion to God and duty from all your text-books; teachers will succumb to the general drift and abstain from inculcating anything touching the deeper wants of the soul; and children that most need instruction in moral and religious truth, will get nothing. If then our public schools shall become recruiting places for the jails and prisons, whose fault will it be? *Later.*—The telegram reports the election of the officers favoring the Bible, by a vote of four to one."—*Advance.*

☞The following is from a tribute to the late Prof. Raymond:

A sentence, from one of his chapel sermons, is worthy of quotation, not only as beautiful in itself, but also as the expression of his own guiding principle. He said: "When you can, be blind to the faults of another; and when you can no longer be blind, be dumb."

Power without ambition, consecration without bigotry, enthusiasm without fanaticism, gentleness without timidity, perseverance without combativeness, dignity without pomp, mirth without frivolity, versatility without dissipation of energy, candor without uncertainty and piety without cant,—is it any wonder that features like these combined cannot be drawn to the life? A man of such endowment and such culture, if he had turned it all to personal ends, would have been recognized as great. Is his greatness any the less because he lived for others, and chose that which is most celebrated of all? But we need not complain of even his earthly reward. His fame, like the fame of Arnold of Rugby, will live and grow through generations of those to whom, and to whose fathers and mothers, he was strong guardian, wise guide, dear friend.

☞ A very grave question before our churches, and one which ought to engage serious attention, relates to the observance of the Sabbath. In many and most of our New England cities and towns there seems to have been decided improvement during the last four or five years. But in some quarters matters have grown worse rather than better. Never before were so many steamboat excursions advertised in our daily newspapers as this summer; and increasing numbers take the day for shorter and longer trips into the country. At certain seaside resorts Sunday is the great day of the week. Crowds are landed by the boats, and the day is anything but orderly and quiet. How many professing Christians are among them it would not be easy to guess, but we happen to know that there are more than there should be, and that whatever physical benefit may be secured is at the sacrifice of something far better. There can be no question that camp-meeting associations are largely responsible for the multiplication of Sunday railroad trains, and so for that general Sabbath desecration of which we are speaking. The recent decision, on the part of one or two of these, that hereafter meetings shall commence on Monday and close on Saturday is taking not a day too soon.—*American Exchange.*